

Dougie MacLean, Rite Of Passage

Take the young ones to the desert, teach them how the arrow flies
How to smell the beast upon the wind and run with mother natures loving lies
Show them how to balance what is wrong and what is right
And make their own directions through the longest, darkest night

Oh, you need that rite of passage before you can continue on
That brave self understanding you can lean your dreams upon
You may want for children, you may crave for man and wife
But you need that rite of passage to the summer of your life

Show the children to the master, put the tools into their hands
Show them how to work the grain and how to hold the ever moving sand
Place with them the knowledge of the far and of the near
And lead them through the waiting storms that will never ever clear

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Its a sad deluded vision this creature of our times
Its body now is broken, its smile it rarely has the chance to shine
It stands so high and mighty with its never ending needs
While somewhere in the beating heart the earth it vainly pleads

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